Zachariah « Tiocfaidh ár lá"

Angels weren't supposed to feel emotions, but Zachariah had seen evidence against that for centuries. He'd seen it in Lucifer, when the Morningstar Fell, and he'd seen it in many of the Host after the War, when grief was discovered.

He hadn't expected to learn what emotions felt like, not after watching the once perfect choir fall into disarray. Not after watching Brothers and Sisters he had been close to Fall.

Emotions were off-limits. If he felt grief, he did not show it. Simple enough, as there was work to do.

Then came a Winchester, an order from on high, and repeated failures from Castiel.

Annoyance was something he learned quickly. Human bodies were limited, painful to fit into, so unlike his true self that disgust came right after annoyance.

The first emotion he honestly could not deny feeling was anger. Not after Castiel betrayed him, not after he saw his Brothers die at Castiel's hands, not after the Michael sword said no again and again.

He excused himself from the anger, claiming it was righteous. Michael needed his vessel. Lucifer was walking the Earth. Even Raphael was impatient.

He *had* to get that consent, damn the consequences, and that was how Zachariah took the first steps towards Falling.